

Zion's Herald.

PUBLISHED BY
BOSTON WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION.
39 Bromfield Street, Boston.
A. S. WOOD, Publisher.

BRADFORD E. PEIRCE, Editor.

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

After Jan. 1, 1880 price to all subscribers \$1.50 per year.
All other subscribers \$2.50 per year.

Specimen Copies Free.



VOLUME LVIII.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1881.

NUMBER 31.

Zion's Herald.

FOR ADVERTISERS
One of the best advertising mediums in
NEW ENGLAND.

It has probably more than fifty thousand readers.

For particulars, address

ALONZO S. WOOD,

Publisher,

36 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON.

A WISH.

BY META THORNE.

O, could I read the sacred ways
Across Jordan's vale, by Kedron's rills,
Where Jesus walked of old—
O, could mine eyes with rapture gaze
On Nazareth of Galilee,
Upon the waves of that blue sea—
My joy could not be told.

We may not walk thro' "Salem's" streets,
O'er Olivet Mount, by Kedron's wave,
Where Jesus walked, nor may behold
His humble birthplace nor His grave;
And yet if He be here, we may
With humble yet confiding step
Follow Him surely all the way;
The heavenly Salem reach at last—
"City of Peace" and endless day.

THE NEW STANDARD IN THEOLOGY.

BY REV. E. B. HOWARD, A. M.

For many years there has been a widely and deeply-felt need, both in England and America, of a new formulation, a fresh and modernized statement, of our Arminian, or Methodist, theology. As long ago as while editor of the *National Magazine*, that alert and versatile genius, Dr. Abel Stevens, began to agitate this matter; while, more recently, the demand for a revision of our denominational theology has become quite general and imperative. Masterly as the "Institutes" of Richard Watson are conceded to be—and never in many important respects will they probably ever be surpassed—and admirably as they may have been adapted to the needs of a generation that is gone, they could hardly be expected to be so well suited to the somewhat shifted needs, and the more advanced positions, of the theological world of to-day. The controversies, indeed, that shook the church in Watson's day have long since ceased, and entirely new issues, new drifts of religious and theological thought and inquiry, have appeared. Fifty years ago Apologetics confined itself almost exclusively to the examination of evidences of Christianity external to man. Little or no value was placed upon the "voices of the soul," answered in God. No significance was discovered in, hence no importance was attached to, the indestructible spiritual needs of human nature. The current orthodox themes, not only concerning inspiration, but of the grounds of Christian doctrine generally, at that time, were altogether mechanical, artificial and superficial. The religious philosophy at this age, is becoming more and more spiritual, making more and more account of the intuitional element, or of the religious nature, of man—that revelation, truly, which God in the very beginning impressed upon the fleshy tables of the heart. Hence the growing necessity of a new presentation, and from the Arminian standpoint, of the cardinal features of what is known as "systematic divinity"—such a presentation of the same as shall put our theology in full accord, not only with the felt needs of the hour, but with the results of the ripest Christian scholarship of the day; and hence, withal, nobly as they have answered their end—and who shall ever fully estimate their immense, not to say immeasurable, influence upon Methodist thought throughout the world?—it is now generally admitted that Watson's "Institutes," having served their day, must henceforth give place to some new, fresher if not abler, more scholarly treatise on this subject.

But while such, for some time, has confessedly been a pronounced want among us, it has not by any means been so clear who should actually supply this important need. The church has never doubted but that, when the hour was fully ripe for him, the needed thinker would appear. In his own good time God would raise him up. But who was he to be? Eagerly, therefore, for these many years, our theological horizon has been scanned by anxious eyes watching for his advent—for the manifestation of this coming, long-desired theologian who, as already intimated, should so recast our theology as to put it abreast with the times, and secure for his work a high and enduring place among the standards of our church. The hope was long cherished by many of us, we may here be permitted to say in passing, that our Dr. William Warren, of the Boston University, would see his way clear to undertake this task, for which both the peculiar cast of his mind and his studies for many years were considered to have eminently fitted him; nor have we yet ceased to regret that the nature of his duties as an educator seems to be such as to render it impracticable for him at present to render this great service to the church. Bishop Foster, to whom, we believe, had been assigned the topic of "Systematic Divinity" in connection with a contemplated standard Methodist theological series, and now actually in process of preparation and publication, as we have been informed, has recently signified his intention not to undertake this his allotted task.

Meanwhile, two lusty candidates for the high and yet honorable position yet remaining to be occupied, have actually, of late, appeared upon the scene. Reference, of course, is made to Dr. Miner Raymond, of Evanston, and Dr. W. B. Pope, of England. The voluminous productions of these two justly distinguished men—like able and valued, forming, indeed, in the words of a recent reviewer, "when taken together, a thesaurus of theological information and acute reasoning of which any church might well be proud"—possess, naturally, characteristic and conspicuous excellences. Dr. Raymond's work is distinctly synthetic, as to its general method and is very flowing and readable, almost oratorical, in fact, as to its style. Dr. Pope, on the other hand, is eminently analytic and learned. Indeed, though always striving evidently to be simple and concise, we cannot but think that Dr. Pope's discussions are sometimes encumbered with his learning. He seems to labor, almost to stagger at times, beneath the burden of his accumulated wealth of erudition.

As to what were the precise reasons influencing our bench of bishops to decide in favor of Dr. Pope rather than that of our American professor, as the successor of Richard Watson in our disciplinary course of study for the candidates for our ministry in the future, we are not advised. Meantime the fact that he has been so honored, and is, accordingly, henceforth, until otherwise ordered, to be esteemed as erected to the dignity of a theological "authority" among us—a recognized standard of orthodox faith and teaching—invests his volumes with the greatest interest. Yea, the undeniable fact that the work under consideration is destined inevitably largely to influence, not to say to shape, mold, determine, the thought and belief, first of the next generation of Methodist preachers, and then through them of our whole people, cannot but render an examination of these volumes, however cursory and incomplete, highly interesting and edifying.

In another article we propose briefly to call attention to some of the cardinal features of Dr. Pope's theology, and, withal, to point out the attitude of the same, in some particulars, to what may be called "modern thought."

HARD WORKERS AT PLAY.

BY REV. J. O. KNOWLES, D. D.

It came about in this way: Having read a breezy article on the mountains, our somewhat tired head said to our more lazy feet, "You stir yourselves, and take me through the hills." Our feet agreed to the proposal, whereupon the head told the secret, and the number of pedestrians swelled to seven. To start fair, they should be introduced, and this is about their order, or disorder, in of vice and on march. [N. B. To avoid jealousy every man had a title, and was allowed to think he was captain.] Now for the roll: 1, J. O. K.—"file leader and caterer." His chief exploit was the purveyance of an antediluvian fowl at the Willey House, which furnished the most vigorous jaw exercise for the whole party, at one dollar per head; 2, E. R. T.—"Lieutenant and scout."

He was especially serviceable in Sandwich Notch, and lead a forlorn hope in a masterly attack on a farmhouse larder, just after we passed Mt. Israel; 3, E. O. T.—"standard bearer." When he was climbing Mt. Pleasant, with his handkerchief tied to his Alpen-stock, and he withal so tall and straight, we could not help thinking of that other Longfellow's poem, with its wouldn't-beguled chap and his flag; 4, W. F. M.—"second corporal." He was the youngest, smartest and best natured of the bunch; 5, C. S. R.—"orderly sergeant." Seen from behind, his military figure was the admiration of all; 6, J. H. M.—"chaplain." His appointment was not so much due to the fact that he was more thoroughly saturated with clerical goodness than his brethren, but chiefly to the consideration that he was the only man who had a good suit of clothes, and who, besides, had an unlimited supply of white neck ties; 7, W. F. M., sen.—"rear guard and surgeon." This last title was self-assumed, he having provided himself with a vial of the extract of Jamaica Ginger, which he gave in water to the party if they felt cramped, and insisted on using as a lotion if corns ached, or blisters were raised on their feet. It may also be added, he bragged of his cures like a genuine M. D.

These titles were descriptive of place or office. Other names came naturally. Our lieutenant gushed, and we dubbed him "poet"; our chaplain was "the irrepressible," because he made a big noise over a boulder as if he had found the Rock of Ages; the newly-fledged Prex held his tongue so demurely we called him "the silent"; our sergeant major was "the president," because he insisted on putting every thing to vote in a way so peculiarly his own as to "beggard description," and he was also known as "the country parson," from his general jauntiness of bearing; while our surgeon was quite as generally styled "the geologist," he having after mature deliberation decided that a piece of stone picked up on Mt. Whiteface was quartz—the rest of the party being too ignorant to dispute him.

The first roll-call was in the Boston and Maine Railroad station, Haymarket Square, at 8:20 A. M., July 11. The "lieutenant" only was missing, and he came in on the run a few moments later. At 8:30 the gong sounded, the bell rang, the engine puffed, we smiled and were away. A pleasant run of three and a half hours brought us to Alton Bay, N. H., and the steamer Mt. Washington. As we stepped out of the cars we caught our first glimpse of the mountains on the paddle box of the boat. Some artist (name unknown) has carved for its adornment, and to inspire tourists, we presume, three mountains in *basso-relievo*, with the sun rising from behind them and with a forest in the foreground. The sun is gilt and looks like the paddle box of some new-fangled air ship; the mountains, which ought to be in shadow, as the sun is behind them, are blushing red as though they had touched themselves up with rouge for a party; while the trees, in either corner of this unmatchable work of art, are noticeable from the fact that they are, if anything, a little taller than the mountains they flank! But the steamer is all right—a trim, tidy boat, with a genuine gentleman for a commander.

Our trip up Lake Winnepesaukee was a delight not soon to be forgotten. The day was cloudy, with occasional showers, but could not hide the unsurpassable beauty of water and land. At about 1:45 P. M., we rounded up to the little pier, and lay broadside to the charming village of Centre Harbor, N. H. It did not require many minutes to transfer the dunnage of the party to two wagons in waiting for us, and then we clambered into our places and slowly rumbled out of the village, and under the side of Red Hill with its top brushed by clouds, on our way to North Sandwich. We passed through the village called Sandwich Centre—for the reason, it is presumed, that it is four miles away from the geographical center of the town. There is a good Methodist society here and they have a nice little church. We

halted just to shake hands with Rev. Bro. Woods, the popular and energetic preacher in charge. We thought he looked just a little blank when he saw such a squad of dry preachers, but when we told him we were on our way north, he brightened up and asked us to stop. But four miles further on, and supper! So away we rolled.

There was not much, specially, of incident by the way, for all was incident. At one time we heard a dreadful outcry behind and looked back expecting to see a horse running away, demolishing a wagon and spilling dignity promiscuously on the road-side; but were reassured to find that it was only our "sergeant major" enjoying himself while the rest of the lead were whooping an accompaniment.

It was not far from sundown when we halted for the night in the little village of North Sandwich. A few villagers kindly came out to look us over, but as we all were just then very retiring in our dispositions, we were soon lost to the outside world and attending to inside demands. We were elated, eager and hopeful, for we had entered the borders of, to us, a land of wonders and were longing to explore it. We found our home for the night in a farm house overlooking the village and the country for miles around, with mountains standing as sentinels against the sky to guard it. There was, within, a genuine old-fashioned fire-place, with a generous hard wood fire to cheer us. Such a supper! Then the family gathered round, and with them the aged mother and grandmother—a spotless saint of God, now in her 93d year—while we read from the blessed Book and bowed together in prayer. The stars were shining in peace above us, a solemn stillness was on the hills and valleys, we said good night, and sank to dreamless sleep.

THE MOUND BUILDERS OF ARKANSAS.

BY REV. JULIEN C. BROWN, A. M.

This supposed pre-historic race of mound-builders has left traces of its existence all over the northern part of Arkansas, and many of the mounds contain articles of considerable interest to the archaeologist—articles which we believe are found nowhere else. It is well known that Missouri boasts of having the most wonderfully constructed and most fantastically arranged mounds of the West, they being in the shape of different beasts or representing the bodies of men in various positions. In Arkansas we can observe none of this regularity or attempted representation, but, what is of more interest, we find imbedded in sand to the depth of from two to six feet, brass hatchets, rough it is true, but sufficiently perfect to indicate their use, with different kinds of bowls or plates having marked on them figures and pictures of the strangest character. They not only figure horses, deer, buffalo, but women with hair dragging the ground behind them, men with heads which are held up by the hands, and all of the most enormous proportions. The delineations are clear-cut and fully legible, the muscles of the limbs, etc., being exceedingly prominent.

The writer of this has examined into a number of the mounds and they have from time to time presented matters of unusual interest. On one occasion we dug up from under a layer of red-clay brick quite a number of skeletons, and one of them held within its hand a box, measuring ten inches in length and four in depth with the same in width, made of walnut wood covered with a kind of enamel both within and without of the most durable kind and made from some sort of resin which is unknown to us. Upon shaking the box we could distinctly hear something rattle. It was quite heavy, and our curiosity of course being intensely aroused, we pried it open at once. Inside the box we found a number of flints, seemingly chipped off from a rock without regard to shape and apparently useless so far as being suited for arrow-points. With these chips of common flint we found two square pieces of smooth limestone rock covered with innumerable devices, figures and characters on

all four of the sides, but of course entirely illegible to us—they being in all probability used to represent certain ideas or thoughts to those who might understand them, of the mound-building race. The cuneiform characters of the hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt may be, it seems to us, as readily deciphered. The whole was in a remarkable state of preservation. The walnut wood of the box was undecayed, seemingly preserved by the enamel or resin, of a bluish cast, which covered it.

Lying beside the skeleton where the box was found, was a bow, entirely decayed but discernible by the black earth into which it was resolved. Near by was found one of the brass hatchets and a nest of pottery, bowls, six in number, the largest measuring eight inches across. On a mound near by the one in which we dug is built a log cabin in which years ago there lived an old woman, who, tradition says, was a spiritualist fortune-teller and by quite a number of persons supposed to be a witch. She lived there alone and secluded for twenty years, mysteriously disappearing at last, and thought to have been drowned. She claimed to have had a conference with a chief of the mound-builders, and said that he told her people were the first settlers of Mexico, and that they were driven from this country by a tribe whose customs and manners were somewhat similar, but who were, and had been for years before their exit, implacable enemies. The White River, running east and west across the northern portion of the State, has gradually eaten into a number of the mounds, and after a fall of high water any number of skeletons, pieces of pottery and other things may be found in abundance, just projecting from the edges of the mounds and ready to be swept away by the next rise of the water. The bones of the skeletons are yellow, extremely so, and one which we have in possession cannot be more than three feet in height. It is evidently that of a young man, or youth, though remarkably developed.

Augusta, Ark., July 25.

DR. DEEMS' "SUMMER SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY."

BY SARA KEABLES HUNT.

I am writing you from the shores of Greenwood Lake, in a little tent pitched on the very border of these beautiful waters whose fame (the Lake not the tent) is beginning to go through the land, and bring many tired city toilers here for rest and enjoyment. But, just at present, these Warwick woodlands contain another attraction in the shape of a "School of Christian Philosophy," instituted by Rev. Dr. Deems, pastor of the "Church of the Strangers," New York City. The spot selected for this new enterprise is among the loveliest in Orange County, N. Y. It is distant by rail from New York city forty-two miles, and is a most delightful place for philosophers to assemble. The work of erecting the "Hall of Philosophy" is being rapidly accomplished—the workmen only ceasing in their task during the lectures. It will be a very picturesque building, lifting itself out of those overhanging mountains and fronting the blue clear lake as if some long-slumbering echo from the hills had suddenly found a form and emerged from its forest dream to give voice to thought, and a frame for the pictures of ideas which are coming more and more to thrill the hearts of earnest men and intense students, flowing out through all the world.

An inquirer concerning this new project, some days ago, said, "Whose brains are leading this thing? Who is the founder of this summer school? And when the reply was, "Dr. Deems," the questioner said, "It will succeed, then; no fear of a failure; whatever that man undertakes prospers, whether it be a 'Church of the Strangers' or a 'Summer School of Christian Philosophy.'"

The opening discourse was delivered by Dr. Deems, the Dean of the School, last Tuesday, the 12th of July, the subject being, "The Cry of Conflict," in which the Doctor proved that in religion, as in science, we walk by faith, and closed his address with a beautiful comparison of the Masonic emblems, Jacob and Boaz, in the Temple in New York, to the relations of science and religion as the pillars of universal truth. In the afternoon there followed a conversation on the subject of the morning, conducted by the lecturer in a most spirited manner. The auditorium was beautifully decorated by ferns and wild flowers, which grow here in great luxuriance.

On Wednesday, President Noah Porter, of Yale College, lectured on "What we mean by Christian Philosophy," followed, in the afternoon, by the usual

discussion. All who have ever listened to this interesting speaker can imagine how that usually silent face kindled into a glow as he proceeded in the lecture before that audience of attentive listeners, among whom were some of the deepest thinkers and most appreciative minds in the country.

Prof. Bowne, of your own Boston University, lectured on Thursday, his subject being the "Theistic Basis of Science and Philosophy," in his own charming and individual manner. On Friday, Prof. Stephen Alexander, one of those men who has done so much for Princeton College, lectured on the "Origin and Primitive Condition of Man," and was followed, on Saturday, by Prof. Young, who carried us all with him to the stars.

On Sunday, Rev. Amory H. Bradford preached on the "Conditions of Spiritual Light," from the words of Jesus on the Mount: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." In the afternoon there was a praise-meeting, well-attended, and of great interest; and just as the sun was setting, we met again to offer up our thanksgiving and prayer to the God of nature. It was a solemn place, and as the shades grew deeper and deeper, there seemed to go forth from every heart the cry, "Lord, abide with me!"

On Monday, we listened to Prof. Winchell, of the University of Michigan; on Tuesday, to Rev. Lyman Abbott; and yesterday to Dr. McVaine, of Newark. To-day Prof. Martin, of the University of New York, and tomorrow, President John Bascom, of the University of Wisconsin, are announced, which closes the course.

Many of the families now here will remain in this Encampment Hotel until September. The guests are well cared for, and there is no roughing it, except in the very brief climb to the auditorium; but we have only to remember that there is no royal road to learning. The days have been delightful, alluring one from all occupation. To-day is a rare day—a day to make one in love with life, when sight alone is a benediction and simply to exist is a joy and blessing. The summer residents in the place will not forget this first summer in the "School of Philosophy." May this bud of so much promise bloom into a flower of perpetual beauty!

Warwick Woodlands, July 21.

Among our Books.

CARLYLE'S BIRTH-PLACE AND GRAVE.

[FROM THOMAS CARLYLE, BY MONROE D. CONY, New York: Harper & Brothers.]
The house in which Carlyle was born will probably be preserved as a monument—perhaps with a library in it for the neighborhood. There could be none better. In this small house his parents, at his birth, were only able to occupy two rooms. That in which the great man was born is humble enough, lit by one little window—the best built into the wall. The rooms are now occupied by the sexton who dug his grave. Between that small room where Carlyle first saw the light, and that smaller grave which hides him from the light, it is hardly a hundred steps; yet what a life-pilgrimage lies between those terms! what stretches of noble years, of immense labors, of invincible days rising from weary nights, mark the four score years and five that led from the stone-mason's threshold to a hero's tomb.

THE PEASANT'S PREDICTION.

[FROM THE OATH-KEEPER OF FORANO, BY Mrs. Julia McNeil Wright. Philadelphia: The American Sunday-School Union.]
Monna Marie shook her head.
"Be not too sanguine, my son. We had once a liberal Pope, liberal until—he was Pope; no longer. Intolerance will not die away here in Italy."

"I have had visions of him—that smiling man of sin," said the aged cottager. "I live alone here in the forest and ponder until strange visions come to me; and I see him filling full the measure of the evil of the line of pontiffs. How, I cannot see; perhaps by some deluge of blood over the Italian fields; perhaps by some new pretense which shall, by its arrogance, draw down the long slumbering wrath of God!"

The old man shook his head and fixed his eyes on space. His wife touched Nanni's elbow: "He sees visions!"

The patriarch turned suddenly toward Nanni.
"There is a Capuchin friar in Barletta; I know him; he has eaten of my bread. I see him pursuing you, my son; I know not why. Alas! so ever have the friars been on the track of God's sons."

Monna Marie looked awed; the old man sat still meditating; ten years in those lonely wooded hills had set a mysterious mark on the pair. Presently the patriarch arose slowly, and just as slowly lifted his arms above his head; his white hair and beard came as masses of snow, his eyes burned as he stretched himself upward, and the green tawze cloak in which he was habitually wrapped fell from his gaunt shoulders; his stature seemed something gigantic.
"The day comes!" he cried, "the day comes when I shall stand and proclaim the free Gospel of my Lord under the gates of the Vatican! The day comes when I shall give Bibles to the gnomes at St. Angelo! The day comes when I shall distribute tracts on the steps of the Lateran! These things I have asked of God, and He will answer me."

"Wee is me, then," said Monna Marie, tears stealing over her wrinkled cheeks, "for if you do these things, mio amico, who will burn like Fra Savonarola!"

THE RED MAN'S WRONGS.

[FROM BABY REX. No Name Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers.]
Then Leszinksky told the story of Lo-loch-to-ho-la. It was only another black page in the record of Indian agents. A tribe cheated and despoiled; families gathered into a reservation far from the hunting-grounds, and then left to starve, while pale vampires grew

rich on the very life-blood of Indian women and children. Back of all this was a more terrible shadow—a broken and landless nation, defrauded through the treaties that had been forced upon a helpless people or signed by confiding, unlettered chiefs, calling in vain to the government that had robbed its tribes of their lands for the miserable pittance that had been promised for their bare sustenance.

Just here, that the feeling of an honest soldier may reach the people, who should (and I trust yet will) sweep this iniquity from the land, I give the last of the story in Leszinksky's words.

"When, at the close of the simple record of his wrongs, the landless chief and childless father looked into my eyes and asked, 'My brother, is this just? Is the white man the owner of the earth? I loved the land upon which I was born; my body is made of its sands. The Great Spirit gave me eyes to see it. The sun shines to warm it, the rain falls to fertilize it, the moon brings back to it the spirits of our people. Yet I cannot live upon it because the great chief of the whites upon it has said, 'This is God's land, and I have taken it for my children.' I was speechless through shame. Every word was true. Every word cut through the sophisms of the spoilers. Unless we change our entire Indian policy we will, as we deserve, stand before the world dishonored through the act of dishonest agents and by the evidence of broken treaties."

As Leszinksky ceased speaking, Randall walked about uneasily. Margaret's eyes flashed through tears. At last Randall said: "Then you can do nothing with Lo-loch-to-ho-la. The Pawnee will not go to the council!"

Yes, he has promised for my sake, and for Rex's sake, and because of the kindness you and Margaret showed his wife, that he will be friends with the people that let him nothing."

From our Exchanges.

CEDEMON.

Thenceforth Holy Hilda greeted him
Brother of the brotherhood. He grew
Famedest monk of all the monastery;
Singing many high and holy songs
Folk were fain to hear, and loved him for;
Till his death-day came, that could not fail.

Cedemon bode that evening in his bed,
He at peace with men and men with him;
Wrapt in comfort of the Eucharist;
Wrapt and silent. "Soon our brethren sing
Even-song," he whispered. "Brother, yea,
Let us wait for that," he said; and soon
Sweetly sounded up the solemn chant.
Cedemon smiled and laid his head to rest;
Sidelong turn'd to sleep his old white head,
Shut his eyes, and gave his soul to God,
Maker of the world.

Since are past and gone, no more forgot,
Earliest poet of the English race,
Rude and simple were his days and thoughts
Wisely speaketh no man, howso learn'd,
Of the making of this wondrous world,
Save a poet with a reverent soul.
—WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, in Macmillan's Magazine.

CHILD-NURTURE.

Better let the benevolences, society, church and everything else go a thousand times than to neglect those precious interests entrusted to our hands at home. A mother's first duty, pre-eminently, is to look well after the ways of her own household, and no amount of activity in connection with public charities, or religious or reformatory enterprises—revival meetings, camp-meetings or temperance crusades—can at all atone for the grave fault of committing to other hands the responsibilities providentially entrusted to her own. Innocent, helpless, unhooped candidates for eternity in spite of themselves; doomed to a conscious, immortal existence without any will or choice of their own; who will not say that our very first and most important of all duties are our duties to our children?—Northern.

CRITICAL ORATORY.

Why do not our preachers study oratory? As preachers, not pastors, their business is to work a certain effect, and all helps to its production it should be a part of their education to learn. I presume I shall not be misunderstood to mean the effect of displaying skill, and winning admiration for personal gifts. What the true preacher seeks to do is to inform the intellect with Christian truth, to stir the heart, and thereby influence the will of his hearers. Half the sermons annually preached are, so far as human insight goes, a waste of labor and breath. Two things partly account for this: one is that a majority of the men set to preach are out of their real vocation—good pastors they may be, but fit preachers they are not; and that those with more aptitude for preaching do not yet understand the means to be employed to attain their object.

Sometimes the preacher has some conception of the needs of human nature, and knows that the truest truths fail to move when put before men in a dull, dry way; perhaps he does his best to acquire a good style, and succeeds in making an ably-written discourse. But when he comes into his pulpit to give it to his people, where is the impression it should produce? What becomes of his choice words, his considered sentences? There they lie upon the page he holds; he proceeds to read them. Why do they fail of any result? It is for want of delivery, of the oratorical art of making mere words "tell." His faithful effort goes for little; he seems to understand the means to be employed to attain their object.

Another consideration is that all history, whether ancient or modern, sacred or secular, is a unit, and a vast, ever-increasing progress towards one exalted consummation. God's providence runs through all history; God's hand, shaping and directing, and giving unity of design to the whole, is manifest in all history. Nothing fails, nothing is lost, but all things conspire together towards the ultimate goal, all men and nations bring in succession their contributions to the universal, and resolve all religious truth into myth and fable, exclude the Bible, and with it all history from the schools of education, and leave mankind without an aspiration except to eat, drink and be merry, like the world a good place to die in?—Interior.

THE REST OF FAITH.

⁴⁴ For we which [who] have believed do enter into [that] rest " (Heb. 4: 3).

2. The speculative riddle of skepticism. External trouble, all that Job or any other son of sorrow ever tasted, is not the soul's deepest distress. All outward woe is endurable compared with the agony of skeptical doubt. Blessed are the thousands, probably millions, who have never had a serious skeptical doubt. But far more blessed are they who have passed through the crucible of doubt, with all its agonies honestly and humbly endured, and have come out with an adult and glorified faith, like that which the three Hebrew heroes brought out of the fiery furnace with them. There have been souls tossed

ring! Six inches variation in the dropping of the kedge, and the little schooner had perished! But her captain was a man of prayer, and he had dropped his little kedge with an earnest prayer that the finger of God might direct its holding! He believed, and cast anchor, and was at rest in the storm. God did the rest. The very smallness of his kedge had been salvation, by letting its fuke drop through the ring. So the very weakness of human means, when accompanied by faith, may be our strength and safety; for, however small our anchor, if it hook to the cleft of the Rock of Ages that anchor holds in every storm! But, —

Faith in God, and in men as loyal to the laws of God, is what holds human society together. Last week I rode for miles on the lofty driver's seat of an omnibus, through that greatest commercial street in the world—Broadway, New York. Its solid miles of six and ten story commercial palaces, of iron and marble and granite, are all the work of faith—faith in God, in man, in our government, in the future of America. Never so many great edifices, nor so splendid, were building there at once

OUR SOUTHERN WORK.

After a terrible arraignment of our Southern work, he says: "And here I want to say emphatically, I attach no blame to these my brethren in the South." What! attach no blame to them for their "ignorance," "brutishness," "heathenism," "groveling superstition and absurd visions," "seances," "repulsive caricature of Chris-

Charleston, S. C., July 4, 1881.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

DE MRS. R. S. RUST.

This Society devotes a portion of its contributions to the assistance of worthy young girls, white and colored, who have not the means to obtain an educa

Society of Rochester, N. Y. It is made up of individual contributions, as each receipt is duly signed. The contents cover the whole range of cooking, pickling and preserving, and the price is only 50 cents. Received by A. Williams & Co.

The American Sunday-school Union, No. 1122 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, have published a highly entertaining story, by Mrs. Julia McNair Wright, entitled *THE OATH-KEEPER OF FORANO: A Tale of Italy and Her Evangel*. 12mo. Illustrated. 412 pp., price \$1.50. The gifted writer has depicted, in this ad-

Kerry" is an account of a famous evangelist; and Prof. Shaw gives an able review of the Revised New Testament. The editor records the grand story of Gustavus Adolphus, and describes the "great duel of the 17th century"—the terrible Thirty Years' War. In his Roman Story he depicts the luxury of the vast Roman baths, and the passion for gambling which possessed the fashionable Roman world. The Conferences, the S. S. Conventions, etc., are duly noted. The circulation of this valuable magazine is steadily increasing. William Briggs, Toronto.

\$2 a year.

Our Book Table.

The American Sunday-school Union, No. 1122 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, have published a highly entertaining story, by Mrs. Julia McNair Wright, entitled *THE OATH-KEEPER OF FORANO: or, Tale of Italy and Her Evangel*. 12mo. Illustrated. 412 pp., price \$1.50. The gifted writer has depicted, in this ad-

Kerry" is an account of a famous evangelist; and Prof. Shaw gives an able review of the Revised New Testament. The editor records the grand story of Gustavus Adolphus, and describes the "great duel of the 17th century"—the terrible Thirty Years' War. In his Roman Story he depicts the luxury of the vast Roman baths, and the passion for gambling which possessed the fashionable Roman world. The Conferences, the S. S. Conventions, etc., are duly noted. The circulation of this valuable magazine is steadily increasing. William Briggs, Toronto.

\$2 a year.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

This Society devotes a portion of its contributions to the assistance of worthy young girls, white and colored, who have not the means to obtain an educa-

The Sunday School.

THIRD QUARTER. LESSON VII.

Sunday, August 14. Exod. 14: 10-27.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

THE RED SEA.

I. Preliminary.

DATE: B. C. 1491, in the month of

Aban, according to Brugsch, B. C. 1300.

II. Place.

The Gulf of Suez, the western

part of the Red Sea. Brugsch finds no

trace in the original for the Red Sea, the

original reading being "the Sea of Reeds," and

conjectures from the study of papyrus and

the Serenion Lake, or Bog,

in which whole armies have been

swallowed up by the swiftness of the Medi-

terranean, was the true place of the great de-

struction and catastrophe.

III. Connections.

1. The death of the first-

born, the departure of the Israelites from

Egypt, carrying the bones of Joseph; 3, the

subsequent encampments at Succoth,

Elim, and Pi-hahiroth; 4, the appearance

of the pillar of cloud and fire; 5, the pursuit

of Pharaoh with his chariots; 6, the distress

of the Israelites, and their murmurs against

Moses; 7, the assurance that God would fight

for them, and that their pursuers should be de-

stroyed.

IV. Introduction.

It was a critical hour for Israel, when

the setting sun, on the third day after

the departure from Rameses, revealed

the chariots of Pharaoh, glitter-

ing through clouds of dust, in hot pur-

ples, "the horses," to use the words of

the poet, "like fire, their fury like that of a

hurricane when it bursts." No human

arm could save them now. Though

fighting men, 600,000,

how could they, encumbered with their

chariots and cattle, withstand the fierce

onset of that invincible squadron? Nor

was there any visible escape. They

were hemmed in by the mountains and

the sea. They were entangled in the

wilderness; "the sea had shut

them in." The Israelites were full

of questions of their peril. They turned

upon their leader with fierce accusations.

But Moses, strong in faith, and calm be-

cause of the disclosure recently made to

him of the judgment which awaited the

perishing force, assured the people that

God would fight for them, and that the

enemies on whom they now looked

they would see no more forever. In

obedience to the divine command, their

camp at Pi-hahiroth was broken up, and

the whole host was put in mo-

tion straight for the sea, over whose

waters Moses lifted the potent rod.

Under the influence of a strong east

wind, the waters rapidly receded, leav-

ing a dry ford to the opposite bank.

Next came the mysterious pillar changed

position from the front to the rear,

interposing a towering wall of densest

blackness to the north, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

blackness to the south, while the

that the Israelites had run into a sort of

cul de sac, from which there was no escape,

the mountains hemming them in on two sides

and the sea on the third, the chariots came to

a halt. It was a cloud and darkness to them.

The pillar of cloud and fire, which had

been a cheering and bright token of

omnipotent guardianship to the Israelites,

the night was changed into day for them;

and while their movements were hid from the

Egyptians, they could proceed in an orderly

manner to obey the command, "Go forward."

Thus the Word and the providence of God

have a twofold aspect: a black and dark side

toward sin and sinners; a bright and pleasant

side toward those who are Israelites indeed.

On the former the Most High looks frowningly

in wrath; on the latter His countenance

shines brightly with favor (Bush).

Verse 21. Moses stretched out his hand—

as he had been bidden to do. As he, "with

fear and trembling," proceeded to work out

his own and the people's salvation, God also

was working to make the salvation sure.

The sea—the western branch of the Red Sea,

called the Gulf of Suez; it is about 130 miles

long, with the town of Suez at its head on the

west. The Lord caused the sea to go back—

It is impossible to determine just where the

crossing was effected. With the exception of

Brugsch—who dismisses the Red Sea entirely

and locates the event in the marshy district

known as the Serenion Bog, in the

northeastern part of Egypt—the best

opinion agrees upon Suez, or its imme-

diately vicinity. The distance across is from

three to four miles. Says Schaaf: "Near here,

Napoleon, deceived by the tidal wave, at-

tempted to cross in 1799, and nearly met the

fatal fate of Pharaoh. But an army of 600,000

could never have crossed it without a miracle."

God doubtless used natural agencies, in the

east wind and an ebbing tide, but their use at

this moment was a miraculous interposition.

Says Murphy: "A strong northeast wind is

said to have considerable influence in the

present day on the ebb of the tide in the Red

Sea, as well as in other places. Such a natu-

ral occurrence, however, only drives out the

whole force of water further from the shore;

it does not 'divide the water' and so make

them a 'wall' on each side of the dry ground,

or leave time or space for passage of a large

multitude, or happen precisely at the moment

when escape from an advancing foe makes it

convenient for the leader of the retreating

squadrons to wave over the waters his rod of

power." Were divided—literally, "were

cloven," or "were violently sundered;" used

generally in the cleaving of rocks, etc.,

and giving the impression of a terrific cut,

like a tornado. It is difficult to imagine how

the Israelites could have crossed in the teeth

of such a wind; the wind must have gone

down at the time of crossing; and it may be

necessary, therefore, to invoke the aid of

miracle to explain the phenomenon of the

waters remaining divided, or cloven, during

the passage.

It would be a great mistake to imagine that

the passage of such a great caravan as the

Israelites could have been effected by purely

natural means. No caravan could pass this

way nowadays. At least from Cairo to Sinai,

though it would be a great saving of distance

to the north, it was even less possible

for the children of Israel to cross this, thousands

of years ago, for the water was then ap-

parently much broader, and, besides reaching

to the sea, it was deeper. The water seems

not only to have retreated since, but the bottom

of the shallow point appears to have been

raised, and the sand, as it is blown in from

the sea, has been blown in from the desert

(Niebuhr).

Verse 22. Went into the midst of the sea—

probably following Moses and Aaron; their

course lighted by the fiery column in their

rear. Their immense number, estimated at

between two and three millions of men,

women, and children, were probably so com-

pactly drawn up, that the passage would not

occupy more than three or four hours. Ac-

cording to Exod. 13: 18, the host went forth

from Egypt "harnessed," or as the margin

reads, "by their ranks," showing that the

march they presented a regular, well-

ordered array, and not the confusion of a mob.

A wall unto them.—The waters on either

side were barriers against attack.

God could make the water stand in pre-

dictable order, and such a com-

mand to the water, as to the imagination,

but it is certain that the language of the text

may mean simply that the water was a

protection to the north, was far deeper. The

water, in the name of the sea, said to have

"congealed in the face of the sea," and the

peaks of the trembling host are said to have

been "broken up as shreds of paper," and the

A mild message, a manifest sign from heaven,

only exasperated the pride of Pharaoh. Ten

awful plagues failed to subdue the obstinacy

of his heart. A final judgment, of terrific

sublimity, terminates his career of presump-

tion. The Red Sea marked a disruption,

moral as well as physical, between Israel and

Egypt. A new era began. "They were bap-

tized unto Moses in the cloud and the sea."

A doubt has been raised whether Pharaoh

himself perished; but independent of the dis-

tinct statement of the Psalmist, (Psa. 136: 15),

his destruction is manifestly assumed, and

was in fact inevitable. The station of the

king was in the vanguard; on every monu-

ment the Pharaoh is represented as the leader

of the army, and, allowing for Egyptian dip-

lomacy on other occasions, that was his natural

place in the pursuit of fugitives whom he

hated so intensely. The death of the Pharaoh

and the entire loss of the chariots and cav-

alry account for the undisturbed retreat of the

Israelites then subject to Egypt and easily ac-

cessible to their forces. The blow to Egypt

was not fatal, for the loss of men might not

amount to many thousands; but falling upon

their king, their leaders, and the portion of the

army indispensable for the prosecution of

foreign wars, it crippled them effectually. If,

as appears probable, Thothmes II. were the

Pharaoh, the first recorded expedition into

the peninsula took place seventeen years after

his death; and twenty-two years elapsed be-

fore any measures were taken to recover the

lost ascendancy of Egypt in Syria (Canon

Cook).

IV. Gleamings.

1. There are moments in the life both

of men and of nations, both of the world

and of the Church, when vast blessings

are gained, vast dangers averted, through

our own exertions—by the sword of

the conqueror, by the genius of the

statesman, by the holiness of the saint.

Such, in Jewish history, were the con-

quest of Palestine by Joshua, the deliv-

erance wrought by Gideon, by Samson,

and by David. Such, in Christian his-

tory, were the revolutions effected by

Clovis, by Charlemagne, by Alfred, by

Bernard, and by Luther. But there are

moments of still higher interest, of still

more solemn feeling, when deliverance

is brought about, not by any human

energy, but by causes beyond our own

control. Such, in Christian history, are

the raising of the siege of Leyden by

the waters in Holland, and the overthrow

of the Spanish Armada, and such, above

all, was the passage of the Red Sea (A. P.

Stanley).

2. The sea is the largest of all ceme-

teries, and its slumberous sleep without

monuments. All other graveyards in

other lands show some symbol of distinc-

tion between the great and small, the

rich and poor; but in that ocean cemetery

the king and the clown, the prince and

the peasant, are alike undistinguished.

The same waves roll over all, the same

regiment by the ministry of the ocean

is sung to their honor; over their re-

mains the same storm beats, the same

CONTENTS.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Original Articles. | 241 |
| A Wish (poem).—The New Standard in Theology.—Hard Workers at Play.—The Mound Builders of Arkansas.—Dr. Deems' "Summer School of Philosophy."—AMONG OUR BOOKS.—FROM OUR EXCHANGES.—The Rest of Faith.—Our Southern Work.—Woman's Home Missionary Society. | 242 |
| The Sunday-school. | 243 |
| Editorial. | 244 |
| Over the Sea.—The Germans as African Explorers. EDITORIAL ITEMS. BRIEF MENTION. | 245 |
| Notes from the Churches. | 246 |
| BRIEF MENTION. Business Notices.—CHURCH REGISTER. Marriages.—Advertisements. | 247 |
| The Family. | 248 |
| "Arise, Shine, for Thy Light has Come" (selected poem).—Worthy Brook Sketches.—Weeds (selected poem).—"No, That's Not for Me."—Had We Better Speak of It?—Why Those Boys did not Run away.—Bits of Things (selected poem). MISCELLANY. A Birthday (selected poem). FOR YOUNG AND OLD. RELIGIOUS ITEMS. | 249 |
| Obituaries. | 250 |
| FARM AND GARDEN. Miscellaneous Items.—Magazines and Pamphlets.—Advertisements. | 251 |
| The Week. | 252 |
| Old Orchard.—Reading Notices.—Advertisements. | 253 |

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1881.

The story of the trial and crucifixion of Christ is a wonderful story. There is nothing like it in history or literature; and the only satisfactory interpretation of it is that it is the fulfillment of that remarkable prophecy which says of Christ: "He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed."

"Ah, Lord, Thy love was long,
Thy cruel pains, to me;
The burden of my sin and wrong
Hath all been laid on Thee!"

Samuel Drew, the metaphysician, was in the habit of observing, that "as daylight can be seen through little holes, so we may judge of a person's character by small actions as well as great." Hence a curl of the lip, a haughty toss of the head, or a sly glance at a mirror, trifling as the movement appears, whispers to the observer, "That person is proud; that woman is vain." Thus by various insignificant deeds do men and women constantly make proclamation to others concerning the moral texture of their souls.

He who would loathe sin with perfect loathing must contemplate the beauty of holiness as it blooms in the life of the pure-souled Son of Man. The perception of this truth is well expressed by David Gray, a Scotch poet whose briefly earthly life was only "a morning with no noon." In one of his "Sonnets in the Shadow," he sings:—

"The gross, adhesive loathsomeness of sin
Give me to see, yet, O far more, far more,
That beautiful purity which the saints adore
In a consummate paradise within."
The veil, O Lord, upon my soul bestow
An earnest of that purity here below."

Where is heaven? Heaven is within thee, O man, if Christ be in thy heart, the hope of glory. Look, then, into thyself and find thy Lord, and where thou findest Him, be sure that thou hast found heaven—not heaven in its completeness, but in its elements. The final heaven of hope—what is it but life in the Master's presence? Such a life thou livest now by faith. After a few days, if faithful, thou shalt live it by sight. Thou shalt behold Him as He is. The heaven in which thou livest to-day is the ante-chamber of the heaven in which thou shalt live not many days hence. Therefore, be of good cheer, and wait patiently for the end of all that now makes thy present heaven incomplete.

David, when in deep affliction, was kept from repining by the thought that God's kind hand held the rod which caused him such severe suffering. "I was dumb," he exclaimed, "I opened not my mouth; because Thou didst it." That perception, though it did not destroy his pain, drove all bitterness from his heart. More than that, it became a wellspring of sweetness mingling with his grief. Thou didst it! Let that be the cry of thy heart, O much tried soul! Be sure that He permitted, if He did not send, the burdens that weigh upon thee so crushingly. Be sure also that He will cause them to work together for thy spiritual good. Then, though still afflicted, thou wilt be able to say with one now in heaven, "There is positively something allied to pleasure in feeling His hand near one, even though it hold a rod."

"There are no fools in heaven! There are no fools in hell!" Souls in the former place found their way thither by listening to the voice of that wisdom which is from above. Souls in the latter place perished because they would not open their eyes to the light of wisdom. They made themselves fools by their own obstinate blindness, and they died fools. But when they lifted up their eyes in hell, they were convinced of their past folly; they discovered the immensity of their irretrievable loss; and they gnashed their teeth with vexation and remorse because they saw that they were self-deceived. Though lost, they were no longer fools, because they saw things in the light of the divine wisdom. Hence it has been well remarked that "the joys of heaven are based on wisdom; and the agonies of hell are based on folly."

Sentiment weeps, but does not act; duty may keep its eyes dry, but its hands will busy themselves with the work proper for the hour. Sentiment was eloquent one day during the French Revolution, when a rich man entered the Champ-de-Mars, laid aside his coat and vest with his two watches, and began to assist in preparing the ground for the forthcoming festival of Federation. Seeing his watches exposed to the touch of thievish fingers, the crowd exclaimed, "But your watches?" "Does one distrust his brothers?" replied the man, going on with his digging; and his watches were not stolen! Upon which Carlyle exclaims, "How beautiful is noble sentiment; like gossamer gauze, beautiful and cheap, which will stand no wear and tear! Beautiful, cheap gossamer gauze, thou film shadow of a raw-material of virtue, which art not woven, nor likely to be, into duty. Thou art better than nothing, and also worse." Yes, better than nothing, because it recognizes the requirement of duty; and worse, because, perceiving what ought to be done, it yet does nothing. It weeps and cries, "Be ye warmed and filled," yet leaves the freezing ones to perish and the hungry to starve.

OVER THE SEA.

The recognition of the assault upon President Garfield, in London, has been particularly grateful to the numerous Americans now in this city. The Queen was the first and most pronounced in her interest and anxiety to learn every successive incident in the examinations and sufferings of the esteemed head of the United States. This gave tone to public sentiment, and all the papers devoted the widest spaces to editorial comments, and the publication of telegraphic dispatches. The comments were exceedingly eulogistic upon the character and ability of the President. They dwelt tenderly upon his family relations, and referred with a peculiar pathos to his love for his wife and her many excellencies of character. Their affection for their Queen disposes them to feel and express a deep sympathy for the chief lady of our land, in this hour of her great anxiety. The papers have a pretty clear apprehension of the political condition of the Republican party, exaggerating somewhat the bitterness of the wing of it that is not in harmony with the administration, and attributing to the late New York senator and vice president Arthur a revolutionary violence which they consider to have occasioned the mad act of the assassin. They moralize upon this with some complacency as a necessary incident of a too popular government; especially as a legitimate result of the modern habit with us of distributing public offices as rewards for party support.

The American Exchange in London has been crowded for the past few days with visitors from the United States. They have awaited with intense interest the successive telegrams from that country, and have wavered between hope and despondency as these have varied from hour to hour. On the 5th, resolutions of sympathy were passed, which doubtless were telegraphed, and appeared in all the papers. Mr. Lowell's office (our much-esteemed minister) has also been thronged. He has manifested the deepest emotions, when called upon by his countrymen to obtain from him the latest intelligence.

It happened that quite a company of American visitors were present this morning (the 5th) in Westminster Abbey at the morning service. It was well that we were there, for more reasons than one. There would scarcely have been any one to hear the magnificent service, intoned and sung, if we had not been present. Only a half dozen, in addition to the robed guides and vergers, even in this sublime sanctuary during these very impressive morning prayers. The sight of the multitudes of silent statues, apparently leaning forward to hear the Scripture lesson, the tones of the great and sweet organ, the musical voice of the reader, the singing of a score of boys in surplices—the most entrancing we ever heard—all tended to impress powerfully the imagination, if not to move the heart. But how were we all stirred to the very centre of our souls when, just before the closing petitions, the Canon said, "Prayers are requested of this congregation for the recovery of the President of the United States, whose life is in peril from a dangerous wound."

This service will not soon be forgotten. At its close, the Canon was assured of the gratitude and deep sympathy of the Americans who were providentially present. It was a good preparation for a pilgrimage around this national mausoleum as well as venerable temple of worship. One's emotions are indescribable as he walks over the dust, or near the monumental symbols of sovereigns, statesmen, poets and philosophers, who lived and made the

history of many hundred years ago. How quietly they all sleep now, although in their lives they were disturbed enough. The tombs of Elizabeth, and Mary, Queen of Scots, lie in adjoining chapels. Henry the Eighth and some of his unfortunate wives, the pride and ornament of the English States and of her navy and army, have their monumental honors here, crumbling, indeed, under the tooth of time, but looking all the more impressive in their decay. English history can be most effectively studied in this ancient temple, with these majestic object-lessons before the eye.

Of course, a Methodist finds his attention most powerfully arrested by one of the more modest and, at the same time, equally tasteful and appropriate of the modern memorial slabs which have been attached to these ancient walls. Among honorable and venerable historical names we find the thick slab of pure white marble with the familiar medallion faces of John and Charles Wesley at the top of it. Loving Wesleyan disciples placed it here, with the ready permission of Dean Stanley. The monument bears three inscriptions: the memorable dying words of John—"The best of all is, God is with us;" his equally significant and sublime confession—"I look upon all the world as my parish;" at the bottom it is written, "God buries His workmen and carries on His work." We pray that his mantle may still fall upon his successors—and pass silently on.

There is nothing in London more striking than its monuments. Everywhere, in the streets and squares and parks, they rise before you. From William the Conqueror down to Victoria and Prince Albert, her sovereigns, her statesmen and heroes, are lifted up before the eyes of succeeding generations for their remembrance. Wellington and Nelson have commanding memorials. Canning, Fox, Pitt, Peel, and Palmerston, with Havellock and the heroes of the Crimea in modern times, ornament the squares and arrest the eye of the passer-by. But the most exquisite as well as noblest statue among the hundreds in London is that of Prince Albert, raised by the contributions of the Queen and the English people. It stands in Hyde Park, and is a marvelous work of art. High and light in style of construction, surrounded with elegant and symbolical figures, and holding in the centre a massive golden statue of the Prince in a sitting posture, it fills the eye and moves the heart, and at the same time offers a study for hours to discover its symbolical significance and all its beauties in detail. The Prince has fared well at the hands of the British people. His monument is one of the finest in Edinburgh, and the common people speak of him with much respect and affection.

One of the most interesting visits out of London, and one less often referred to by American tourists, is to the Isle of Wight. We went by railway to the fine English seaport of Southampton, and then by a pretty little steamer to Cowes—the noted royal yacht harbor near to Osborne, the Queen's sea-side palace. We take the railroad again at Cowes and pass nearly across the island to Shanklin. Here is a noted watering-place, with a fine southeast outlook upon the Atlantic. An esplanade runs along the shore, with convenient arrangements for bathers. A hungry company found one of the neatest of public restaurants here, full of, and fragrant with, flowers, clean and inviting, with an abundance of food generously served. The bluff is high, like that at Long Branch. Down through this cliff a gorge has been worn, and is arranged with stairs and platforms like the famous Watkins' Glen. The ride across the Island revealed some of the finest rural landscapes that can be imagined. The soil was rich, and improved to the utmost. The country often seemed like a rolling Western prairie, only far more varied by forest and careful cultivation. We passed through Arreton—the scene of the pathetic story of the "Dairymaid's Daughter" and the parish of Leigh Richmond. Under a slab in the parish church the devoted Wesleyan girl—Elizabeth Wallbridge—was laid, whose affecting story has had a wider circulation than any other religious volume except "Pilgrim's Progress," and has accomplished more service in illustrating the life of faith and the triumphs of religion in the dying hour, than any one work of Christian literature. It has been translated into scores of languages.

In returning we stopped at Newport, on the Island, and took carriages for one of the most interesting old castles in Great Britain—the Carisbrook Castle. It stands on a height commanding the Island; the whole line of sea-coast can be nearly traced from its lofty keep. We can readily accept the record that it was a fortified place of the ancient Britons, a half century before the Christian era. It would be at once suggested as the point to command the district. The Romans added to the fortifications, and Norman architecture marks the hand of their successors. The powerful barons afterward strengthened it, in their defense against the kings. Two deep wells were sunk, within its limits; one, over two hundred feet, is still in use. Nice, cold water is drawn up by a great wheel into which a philosophical donkey enters at the word of command, and brings up the chilled water. Charles I was imprisoned here for thirteen years, and the old oaken doorway through which he entered, and the window whence he tried to escape, still remain in their original condition, only gnawed by the tooth of time. The whole circle of the wall remains, covered with ivy and evergreens. The royal rooms, although now crumbling and having only bare walls, preserve their proportions. We see the room in which Princess Elizabeth, the young daughter of Charles I, died. Queen Victoria a few years since placed a monument to her memory in the Newport Church. From the summit of the lofty keep, reached by nearly one hundred stone stairs, one of the rarest of landscapes can be seen on every side. The old stone work, with its variety of styles of architecture, records the history of nearly two thousand years. There are about five or six acres now within the enclosure, with the vine-covered remains of a chapel, a large building used by the military guard, and the other buildings of which we have spoken. Modern improvement and use have not laid their hands upon this very ancient relic of the past. Nature has kindly sought to cover with a robe of beauty the wounds of centuries. When the castle came into the hands of the British crown, its governorship was bestowed upon its supporters as rewards of service, and in the days of the Stuarts was a noble residence, as well as a place of confinement for titled foes of the crown. You catch your breath as you walk over the stone stairs of the keep, and look down into the deep well which King Stephen had constructed. Aboriginal Indians were then the only proprietors of North America. These now dilapidated walls and rooms were then alive with their defenders fighting with their crossbows, and the halls were gay and resounding with elegantly, but curiously, clothed nobles and gentle ladies. So the generations will trample over our graves, and wonder at our decaying monuments!

Pretty towns, embowered but humble cottages, as picturesque as possible, are constantly met in the ride across the Island. The passage from Southampton to Havre, France, which we took at night, is longer but ordinarily less unpleasant than from Dover to Calais. Americans are astonished at the limited accommodations made for the comfort of passengers at night upon such a crowded route. The boats are made for speed and safety. There are basins, indeed, enough on board, and these used in great demand. We had an opportunity of comparing Normandy with the Isle of Wight, as we visited it the succeeding day. Both are fertile and highly-cultivated; but in the former it reaches to the summit of the highest hills and is carried to perfection. Immense stretches of hillside are laid out in long strips of varied crops, each a few yards wide. As these are of different colors, from the brightest green and yellow to the darkest brown, the effect is peculiar. The hillside looks like a great piece of well-managed patchwork. The villages show growth and improvement, and the thatched cottages of the peasants are tasteful and make pleasant pictures in the landscape. The meadows of the Seine are both lovely and luxuriant. The cities, like Rouen, have fine churches, and square and large mansions, with broad lands around, are seen everywhere from the cars as we ride through the beautiful country to Paris.

Our visit in the French metropolis, as in London, must stand by itself, and be referred to in chapters. Everything is new to us and inspiring; but fails to wean our memories and affections from the blessed land of liberty and intelligence on the other side of the sea. America has not its ruined castles or thatched cottages, but it has an abundance of attractive churches, of conspicuous schools, and beautiful and cultured homes. Blessed are they who were born and reside there!

THE GERMANS AS AFRICAN EXPLORERS.

In a sure but patient and quiet way the Germans are doing a great work in the matter of African exploration. Every few months some unknown name appears on the scene, in the person of some daring and perhaps solitary traveler, who for years has been making his way through the heart of Africa, and at last emerges at an unexpected point charged to the brim with new and rare information in regard to the field of his labors.

Such was the case with Dr. Holub, who was buried in the wilds of the continent for seven years, making his way alone and unknown among strange and savage tribes, trusting solely to his skill as a physician for support and protection where another would have certainly succumbed to dangers and hardships. His recent work is full of interest and instruction, and sounds much more like romance than reality. Dr. Holub started on his own responsibility and with scarcely a farthing to his name, and there is, therefore, no one to share his laurels; and he owed his rare success to his humble bearing.

Most of these explorers have the backing of the African Association, or the various geographical societies in the different German realms. A few years ago, Dr. Pogge penetrated to a region of southern central Africa to the barbarous ruler, Muata Jamwo, beyond whose territory still lies the great "unknown country." He was so well received that the African Association engaged a Dr. Buchner to make a special visit to this prince, with the hope of receiving from him ample aid to penetrate into the "obscure beyond." The courageous traveler spent a year of weary trials and great hardships in reaching him, only to find out that no inducements could tempt him to afford assistance or even grant the privilege of penetrating beyond his dominions. After exhausting all his arts and lavishing all his presents on this savage, Dr. Buchner was forced to retrace his steps with empty purse and purpose unfulfilled.

Another better-known African explorer is even now tarrying in the region of the Upper Nile, in the land of the man-eating Niam Niams, making all sorts of scientific observations, and learning what he can of these strange people. A recent letter from Dr. Junker gives an interesting account of his home-life in this distant land, where he has been to build a high stockade around his hut and garden to protect himself from the nocturnal visits of dangerous beasts. His special delight is a large kitchen garden in which he is raising from European seeds quite a variety of beans, peas, salads, etc., to his own comfort and the delight of the natives, whom he remembers in his bounty. They in return bring him a rich supply of white ants, and at times great baskets of these toothsome insects, from which they press oil that serves to enrich their food.

The latest "African lion" who is now making quite a *furor* in Germany, and who has been received in state by the Geographical Society of Berlin, and in private audience by the Emperor, is Dr. Oscar Lenz—a brave man, effecting his work under the auspices of this same African Association. The main object of Lenz was to study up the matter of an approach from the North to the famous city of Timbuctoo, which the French are now trying to reach with military and scientific expeditions with the ultimate intent to extend over the Desert a line of rail to connect it with the Mediterranean coast. The famous German explorer, Dr. Barth, was the first of his countrymen to reach Timbuctoo, in 1853, and his account of the dilapidated condition of the African city did not accord with the glowing accounts of the early traveler, Mungo Park.

Lenz had already made an effort to reach this city from the African coast on the Atlantic at the French settlement of Gaboon; but between the difficulty of obtaining porters for his baggage and the hostility of the native tribes, he gave up the bootless task and returned, though he had penetrated farther into the interior in this direction than any previous traveler. He shortly published an interesting work on his adventures, and then started again to reach this objective point in another direction. He determined to try at least the most difficult and dangerous problem for the African explorer, namely, the path across the Desert. This he successfully accomplished, and finally reached Timbuctoo, the fourth white man that ever entered its precincts. He landed in Tangier about twenty months ago, and proceeded immediately to the capital, where he succeeded in getting up an outfit of men and camels, forming with his mules and baggage a modest caravan.

The story of this journey was recently told to a breathless audience of German geographers and savans, and Lenz was crowned with civic honors and adorned with medals. His journey across the Desert lasted forty-three days, being at one time nine days without water except what they carried in skins. His account of simoons and other dangers of the trackless waste, and his final escape from them all, was thrilling in the extreme; and his safe arrival at Timbuctoo was hailed with joy as the feat of a hero. He reports this "Queen of the Desert," as it has been called, as being in quite a dilapidated condition, with a population numbering not more than 20,000. He was kindly received, and during his stay of twenty days met with no unfriendliness. The authorities and the people seemed pleased with the prospect of a closer connection with European traders, from which they expect much advantage, and thus Lenz seems to have settled the problem of a welcome from them to all messengers of civilization who come with a peaceful message.

—Rev. M. C. Osburn was chosen president of the British Wesleyan Conference, and Rev. Robert Young, secretary.

—Bishop Harris dedicated the "James Memorial Church," at Chester, N. J., July 10.

Editorial Items.

Nothing was wanting to make the funeral services of the late Dean Stanley as imposing and impressive as any that have occurred within the walls of the stately Abbey. The nobles of the land were present, and among the pall-bearers were leading representatives of the court, the churches (both conforming and non-conforming), the universities, the government, science and literature. It was a brilliant company, including the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Christian, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Derby, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Professor Huxley, Mr. Darwin, Matthew Arnold, and many others, dignitaries of Church and State, and prominent citizens. Well-known American names also appear in the list of those who showed their respect to the memory of the lamented dead—U. S. Minister Lowell, Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, Wm. E. Dodge, Dr. Cuyler, Dr. Newman, and others. Floral offerings from the Queen and the royal family, and from all countries, indeed, with suitable inscriptions, testified in their own fragrant and beautiful way, to the wide affection felt for the Dean and the sense of personal loss in his death. Among the offerings was one from the French Protestants, inscribed *Au vaillant Apôtre de l'Amitié*. Amid the solemn chords of the dead march in "Saul" and the tears of many present, the coffin was lowered to its place beside the remains of his wife, the late Lady Augusta Stanley, in Henry VII's chapel. There were no protracted services. A procession was formed, appropriate anthems were played and sung, and the company dispersed, feeling probably that the old Abbey had become newly hallowed in opening its vaults to receive the mortal form which had enshrined one of the purest and noblest spirits of the age. Steps have already been taken to erect an appropriate monument, the Duke of Westminster heading the subscription.

The religious community was painfully shocked last week at learning that a hitherto popular and highly-esteemed Methodist clergyman, one of the leading preachers in the New England Southern Conference, had been charged, in the public prints, with peculation. We refer to Rev. W. F. Whittecher, pastor of the Mathewson St. M. E. Church, Providence, and an esteemed correspondent of this paper. The evidence was conclusive of his having stolen rare and valuable books and documents (of no great pecuniary value, however), of having mutilated the same more or less, and of attempting to dispose of some of them by sale. Having a generous salary, a small and not expensive family, wealthy relatives and hosts of friends, with the brightest prospects of success in his chosen profession, those who know him best are utterly at a loss to imagine what were his motives for so heinous an offense. We understand that he has made a full confession, and withdrawn, formally, from the ministry and membership of the church. A fall so terrible as this, a case so painful and reproachful to our holy religion, carries with it its own lessons and warnings.

The Philadelphians are disappointed in their expectation of having the remains of William Penn transported across the sea and deposited in their magnificent City Hall. The trustees of Jordan's burial-place, where Penn is buried, decline to permit the dust to be disturbed. They seem to have anticipated the action of the Pennsylvania legislature, and refused to consider the application of the American commissioner who was sent to them officially for the purpose. The latter, naturally enough in his disappointment, complains of discourtesy, but the English custodians make a strong point, in their printed circular, when they state that "the retired spot where Penn's remains rest was selected by himself in the vigor of his life, and a removal would be repugnant to the known character of his sentiments." Certainly a man's choice of his burial place should be respected. The very regard which the Philadelphians feel for the memory of Penn will teach them to refrain from pressing any further their commendable, but no longer practicable, scheme.

The French find they have a large job on their hands in their efforts to annex Tunis. The story of Algeria bids fair to be repeated. The invaders are learning now, as they had to learn then, that the submission of the Bey was only the beginning of the strife. Nor is there wanting a second Abd-el-Kader to make the parallel more complete and threatening. The natives on the Morocco border have found a leader in Bou Amena, who has already displayed remarkable military qualities, and who, having won to his standard some of the most powerful Morocco tribes, will inaugurate, it is believed, a "holy war," and unfurl the standard of the Prophet—which will summon to his aid united Islamism. Another centre of insurrection against French rule is at Sfax, a flourishing seaport of Tunis on the border of Tripoli, where blood has already been shed. The Porte, meantime, is quietly strengthening his forces in Tripoli. What the precise outcome will be, it is impossible to predict; but a long and bitter war seems to lie before France before she can grasp the coveted prize.

Rev. Dr. Cummings, the newly-elected president of the Northwestern University, has paid a visit to Evanston, and will probably remove his family thither in September. He enjoyed a cordial reception from members of the faculty and the board of trustees, who evidently feel, as they have abundant reason, that they have secured a wise and energetic administrator. Two new and valuable teachers have been added to the corps of instructors in the preparatory school—one of them, Rev. J. L. Morse, well known as a successful

teacher of ancient languages in the Maine Wesleyan Seminary; and the other, Rev. B. Lampert, editor of a German religious paper and member of the Chicago German Conference. Already the University feels the stimulus of these important changes, and a considerable increase of students is confidently expected.

There seems to be no bottom to either Mr. Seney's heart or his purse. He has recently offered to Wesleyan University an additional \$100,000, the income to be divided among thirty-five competitive annual scholarships of from \$160 to \$250 each, the aim being to allow meritorious students to earn their scholarships by study, and preserve their salaries of respect. These "manhood scholarships," as the *Christian Advocate* calls them, together with the ordinary scholarships, will pay necessary expenses, and enable a student of diligence and economy to graduate without debt. Not only will they attract students to Wesleyan, they will also elevate the grade of scholarship, and indirectly assist our inadequately-supported Education Society by relieving it of some of its beneficiaries and allowing it to help many whom for lack of funds it could not help. The *Christian Advocate* very properly says: "Like all Mr. Seney's gifts, this has the merit of the soundest common sense."

Mention has already been made of the death by drowning of Rev. John Armitage, editor of the *New Zealand Wesleyan*, and Rev. Joseph Waterhouse, the eminent missionary to the Fijis, with others, while on their way to Adelaide to attend the Australasian Wesleyan Conference. Readers of the *Methodist Quarterly* will find a special interest in the last article of the July issue, on "Thakombau, Cannibal and Christian"—a review by the former of a work by the latter, on "The King and People of Fiji." Mr. W. baptized and received into the Christian communion this once ferocious man-eater. Both of these eminent writers and laborers went down in the Taranua on the New Zealand coast—an abrupt and terrible crash to their labors on earth, but a swift and joyful introduction to the larger and grander activities of heaven.

Rev. Angelo Canoli, the popular pastor of the First M. E. Church, Newport, R. I., sustained a painful and temporarily disabling injury last week, by the accidental discharge of a pocket pistol, inflicting a flesh wound in the calf of the leg. The ball was promptly extracted, and at last accounts he was doing well. Brother C. accounts for his possession of the weapon, by stating that he is accustomed to carry it for purposes of protection at night while engaged in astronomical studies which take him from his home. His many friends, while deploring the casualty, have reason for gratitude that he escaped a more serious wound.

BRIEF MENTION.

- The Lucknow Witness calls for more zealous missionaries.
- Mr. Thomas Osburn, for fifteen years head master of Kingswood and Woodhousegrove (Wesleyan) schools, England, is dead.
- Principal Bradgon, of Lasell Seminary, is announced in the Chautauque bulletin, to lecture on "Abundant Methods."
- The admirable sermon by Dr. George Lansing Taylor, which is concluded in our present issue, was preached as a Baccalaureate at Lasell Seminary, June 12.
- Miss Frances E. Willard proposes that the peak in the White Mountains known as "The Haystack," be rechristened "Mount Garfield."
- Dr. Kohler's Jewish congregation in New York city will change their time for religious services from Saturday to Sunday in order to accommodate their members who are engaged in business.
- Prof. Swing wants the Bible cut down—whole chapters and whole books in the Old Testament eliminated—so as to make it portable, and allow it to be printed in large type! What next?
- The late Lord Hatherly was for thirty years a Sunday-school teacher in Westminster parish. Even when Lord Chancellor he did not neglect his class.
- The English Ritualists and High Churchmen were scandalized recently because the Queen presumed to attend a funeral service after the Congregational form, when a favorite retainer was buried.
- Miss Frances E. Willard, in behalf of the National Christian Temperance Union, sent the following dispatch to Mrs. Garfield:—"Our hearts and hopes, our prayers and tears, Our faith, triumphant over our fears, Are all with thee, are all with thee."
- Rev. Will C. Wood, of Scituate, Mass., handles the Revision severely, in the *Church Union*. He prints columns of "infelicities," "perversions" and "misrenderings."
- The absurd rule of the Department of the Interior, which permitted only one denomination of Christians to work among a certain tribe and forbade others to enter the field, has been rescinded.
- Munkacsy's famous painting of "Christ before Pilate," for which he demanded \$100,000, is to be engraved by M. Charles Walter.
- One of our English exchanges says that Earl Shaftesbury, now above eighty years of age, made his debut as a street preacher recently.
- The Navajoe Indians, in New Mexico, do not like "the machine." Their beloved agent has been removed, and they are so indignant that they threaten to kill his successor.
- The founder and publisher of the great German illustrated weekly, *Ueber Land und Meer*—Herr Edward Hallberger—died recently at Stuttgart.
- A model quarterly record of officers and teachers of the Cornell Memorial M. E. Sunday School, East 76th Street, New York, has reached us. Our superintendents should secure a copy.
- Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, now on his wedding journey in Europe, was invited to preach the funeral sermon on Dean Stanley, in Canon Farrer's pulpit, St. Margaret's church, Westminster, the parish church of the House of Commons.

The Family.

"ARISE, SHINE, FOR THY LIGHT HAS COME."

Long time in sloth, long time in sin,
Contented with the dark estate
Hast thou shone, O soul of mine;
Now dawn the morning, fair though late;
Her sunny tides are sweeping in;
Thy light has come, arise and shine!

The sheathed sword, which all night long
Has folded close its purple up,
Upon the morning-glory vine,
At the first rose-bud, the first song
Unrolls its petals, rears its cup,
And light being come, makes haste to shine.

It cannot clasp the whole bright day
Nor the wide-burning sea of dew
Within its curve exact and fine;
Of countless beams a single ray,
One little freshening sip or two
It takes, and so is glad to shine.

Make ready likewise, O my soul;
God's blessed day has dawned; partake!
Anoint thy head with oil and wine;
From the great sun, the mighty whole,
The little count and portion break,
And, giving thanks, arise and shine.

Susan Coolidge.

WORTHLEY BROOK SKETCHES.

BY REV. N. F. TEFIT, D. D.

ELEVENTH PART.

In the winter of 1823-4, in the then new State of Maine, Franklin Pierce, afterwards President of the United States, taught a common district school in the town of Oxford, only a few miles from the beautiful spot where this sketch is made; and in that country school there was a pupil of as much natural ability as that which marked the teacher.

That pupil was a tall, slim, pale-faced boy of just eighteen years, whose summers were spent upon his father's farm, and the winters at this district school. He was a good-looking, modest, thoughtful boy, who, in school or out of it, was greatly devoted to his books. With a mind equal to almost any intellectual undertaking, he bent all his energies to study. He was, consequently, a favorite scholar, whom the teacher esteemed and aided; and though he had quite a number of fellow-students who afterwards became distinguished in the world, no one of them could at that time claim to stand equal with himself. He was a marked lad, and the teacher used to say of him, even at that early day, that the world would hear him, if God should spare him the usual term of life.

That boy was Merritt Caldwell; and at the time here indicated, he had but just begun to develop those traits of intellectual and moral character which afterwards made him so distinguished. So far as his intellect had shown signs of its real character, it seemed to possess the two qualities of depth and clearness in a degree quite remarkable for so young a person. No subject appeared too deep for his penetration; and whatever he could see, he beheld with perfect vision, in so clear a light, that slight gifts minded looked upon him as a sort of wonder.

This perspicuity of intellectual vision attended him about equally in every department, every branch, then recognized as a part of a common school education. Whatever he learned, in arithmetic, geography, or grammar, he learned perfectly; he left no dark spots behind him; and while here in the district school, he was looked to as a kind of oracle in all these preparatory studies.

These initiatory branches were not the only ones, which, in those days, engaged the attention of young men of promise in our country schools. But if anything beyond them was demanded, the higher studies were generally pursued at home, under the general guidance of such chance instruction as could be the most readily obtained. In the case before us, this superior instruction was given to young Caldwell at his father's house, in his own chamber; and the person giving him his first lessons in Greek and Latin was this same Franklin Pierce, who boarded with Merritt's father, Mr. William Caldwell.

Here, then, is a domestic picture for the young men of our day, and of all future time, to look at and ponder, if they wish to see how one great intellect can hold the torch to another intellect of the same order, under circumstances which would now be regarded as discouraging. Behold the two young men—one eighteen, the other about twenty—nestled together in the small bedroom of a little old-fashioned farm-house in a secluded country neighborhood, the one learning, the other teaching what he knew, of those two immortal languages in which human genius has made its most magnificent revelations. And remember that this was before the days of modern luxury even in our cities. An Oxford farmer's house had then no gas, no kerosene lamps, none of the more recent methods of filling all its apartments with almost a noon-day brilliance. It was the time when the sole reliance for light in a country home, was the miserable little taper known as the tallow candle; and even this was most sparingly used, or abandoned altogether for the cheaper, but unsteady, glow of pitch-pine knots burnt upon the hearth. Stoves were then rarely known in our country houses. The open fire-place was the general resort of a family for better light and heat; and we are inclined to think, from what we know of the early habits of our people, and the worldly circumstances of this family, that the little bedroom, fire-place with the cheap pine knots was often, if not generally or always, the illuminating centre to which the two young men applied their book, when searching after the laws of those classic languages in which Pericles and Cæsar, Demosthenes and Cicero, and the kindred bands of Scio and of Mantua, made their fame, their glory, their immortality. What a spectacle for ambitious but poor young men of our day to look at and take in inspiration! The future great professor of a famous college, learning the rudiments of the Greek and Latin tongues at the

hands of the subsequent president of the greatest of all republics, in the boy's bedroom of a country farm-house, by the flickering blaze of a pine-knot fire, or the feeble splutterings of a tallow candle!

In those days, too, the districts had only about eight weeks of winter school, and the aid derived by young Caldwell from his gifted teacher soon came to a termination. But the winter was not half done; and he therefore, in order to make the most of the weeks remaining, went to Helron Academy, where he found Hannibal Hamlin and many other young men, whose fame has since filled the country. Every opportunity for study must have been made the most of by this aspiring student, both at home and at school; for in the fall of 1824, he applied for admission into Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Maine; and he was readily received there, without the smallest condition, as drawback to his matriculation.

While a student at this excellent institution, he was noted for his close application and rapid progress in all the branches of a liberal education. But he was obliged, during the whole time, to help himself as to finances by teaching district and other schools. The first of these winter schools he kept in the town of Strong, on the famous little stream known as the Sandy River; and here he made the acquaintance of the family of Mr. Clark, father of Dr. Eliphalet Clark, of Portland, which the future Dr. William C. Larrabee then looked upon as home. He and young Larrabee, in fact, studied evenings there together, under the wise tuition of Miss Lavina Clark, who afterwards became the wife of Rev. Isaac Downing, of this neighborhood, whose character has been sketched. His next winter school was in that part of the town of Minot which then as now constituted a portion of this parish; and the succeeding winter he was assistant teacher in the Wesleyan Seminary at Kent's Hill, in connection with his friend Larrabee, who was also in college with him. Both these young students spent the following winter in the same capacity at the same institution; and it was there, if we remember correctly, that Mr. Caldwell became acquainted with that beautiful and elegant young lady, Miss Rosamond Cushman, of our parish of Worthley Brook, whom he afterwards made his wife.

During this winter of 1826, the male members of the faculty of the Seminary at Kent's Hill were Zenas Caldwell, William C. Larrabee, and Merritt Caldwell; and three able men, and better teachers, were seldom brought together in any similar institution. We can say of them in the language of Dr. Vail: "A blessed trio in their early life! Examples to the young men of their generation! Examples, indeed, to the young men of all coming time!" And they were all more or less connected with this little country parish. Zenas was not born here, nor, like his brother, Merritt, did he find a wife in this locality. But this was the place to which their excellent father and their sainted mother, Mrs. Nancy Caldwell, often came to attend the great Sunday meetings of that generation; it is therefore quite consistent with our plan to mention the elder brother, in these sketches; and though we never had the pleasure of knowing him, he is remembered as one of the noblest characters ever raised up within the limits of this State.

Merritt Caldwell, in moral character and worth, very much resembled his brother Zenas. He made a profession of religion in early life; and during the whole of his preparatory and collegiate course, he was distinguished for his fine Christian spirit, his even temperance, and a deportment never for once swerving from what was strictly pure and right. When his brother died, he was at once called to take his place; and he thus became the second principal of a seminary which has ever since employed some of the best talent of the Methodist Church, and which still stands as one of the leading schools of its class within the New England States.

But such talents and moral character could not long be confined to any institution of any grade lower than the highest; and in 1834, one year after his marriage with Miss Cushman, Mr. Caldwell was invited to accept of a professorship in Dickinson College, at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where he went and remained till arrested by the hand of death. He went to Carlisle in 1835; and there, in connection with Rev. Dr. John P. Durbin, president, and Dr. William H. Allen, now and for many years president of Girard College, at Philadelphia, and several other equally able men, he stood among the foremost. Without claiming to be an orator, like Durbin, or so finished a classical scholar as Dr. Allen, he took and held his superior rank from that even, round and full display of all his faculties, mental and moral, which constituted his great eminence. Intellectually without a weakness, morally without a blemish, and yet making no pretensions above his associates, he was by them and all others crowned as a born leader. To this day, the college remembers him with pride and admiration.

While he was engaged in this institution, his president, Dr. Durbin, published in the *Methodist Quarterly* an article on a point in metaphysical theology which at once engaged the pen of Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens, then editor of *ZION'S HERALD*, in reply; and this answer was so destructive of the position taken by Dr. Durbin, that he declined to encounter its author in single combat, but engaged Prof. Caldwell to carry on and complete the controversy thus begun. Being a personal friend of all the parties, we had thrown upon us the delicate responsibility of reading all the articles in manuscript prior to their publication. Our opinion, of course, was naturally asked. We believed Dr. Durbin wrong and Dr. Stevens right; and we gave this opinion to all the parties; but we at the same time gave the

palm to Prof. Caldwell for coming to the aid of his president with the best argument that could have been devised by the most gifted intellect.

It was this controversy, we have no doubt, that led Prof. Caldwell into the ranks of authorship; and in this department of labor he began to take a good position at the time of his decease. His work on Christian perfection, but with another title, we are not familiar with; but his next publication—*Christianity Tested by Eminent Men*—is a splendid production; and it shows what he might have done, if his life had been spared to the common age of man.

But the great leveler was now upon the good man's brilliant path. Born, Nov. 29, 1806, graduated in the summer of 1828, married June 28, 1833, entering upon his professorship in the autumn of 1835, he came to his final rest on June 6, 1848, while yet a young man of only forty-two years of age. He died at the residence of Dr. Eliphalet Clark, his early friend, who did that the highest medical skill could accomplish, but without effect. His end had come; but his death was glorious. He had made, too, a marked impression on the age in which he lived. His name still lives. It lives in his works. It lives in the memory of his numerous friends. It lives in the persons of many who survive him; for his name has been given to more children in this State than any other that we readily mention. We recall now Rev. Merritt Caldwell Pen-dexter, and Prof. Merritt Caldwell Fernald, of our State college, who stand, among many others, as living monuments of his character. But he himself was named in honor of Rev. Timothy Merritt, of blessed memory, whose great and good career led behind it in this State works that will never perish; and so it is that the savor of a good life goes forward from generation to generation. In this little parish of Worthley Brook, his example will be felt and quoted so long as the strongest memories can retain the recollection of his virtues.

WEEDS.

Along the road and up the hills;
Feeling denuded by the rills;
Lifting their faces up to the sky;
Throwing their kisses to each passer-by;
Trailing their gowns all over the grass;
Waving their hands to a bird as it passes;
Calling the butterflies—laughing and gay,
Ragged and rollicking all the long day.

How the winds love them! How the bees
linger!
How the birds woo them, each happy young
singer!
How the sun kisses them, eager and warm!
How the grass shelters them safely from
harm!
Who is so jolly, who is so free,
Of all the bright blossoms that grow on the
lea?

Purple and azure, golden and red,
Some with big bonnets and some with bare
head;
Some with gold stars on their foreheads so
sweet,
Some with green mantles straight down to
their feet;
Some like a drift of May snow, pure and
white,
Some that are dark as the middle of night;
Some with eyes that are hidden 'neath
lashes,
Some with the largest and gayest of smiles;
Some with lips sober and some with arch
smiles—
All with the bonniest, gladdest of wiles.

Amber and rosy, snowy and blue,
Some that are false, and some that are true;
Yellow and crimson, sapphire and pink—
All are as fresh as the dew that they drink.
Along all the roadsides, down by the brooks,
Hiding away in magical nooks,
Down in the woodlands, always aglow—
Dearest of all the things that grow.

Fanny Driscoll.

"NO, THAT'S NOT FOR ME."

As I was sitting on the piazza, writing, one day last summer, two poorly-clad young men came seeking work. A load of wood lay at a neighboring gate, and one, pointing to it, said to his companion, "Joe, there's something for you." "No," sadly answered Joe, "that's not for me." I heard no more, but I could not go on with my writing, for so many times I've heard those words, "No, that is not for me."

Have you, dear young friend, when the precious invitation has been given you, or through some loving friend, parent, or Sabbath-school teacher, to give yourself to the Saviour of the world, to your Saviour, have you ever said or thought, "Ah, no! This is not for me?" Oh, just give it a little thought. Would our beloved Master have said, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," if He did not mean you as well as me? Listen, also, to this: "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink." "Look unto Me and be saved."

Are you hungry? Are you thirsty? Then why will you not let Christ come in and satisfy you? Do you say that if you do, you will be obliged to give up this thing and that? Give yourself up to God, and He will make all things plain to you, and lead you in such sweet paths that your only regret will be that you had not accepted Him as your Lord of defense long ago. Dear friend, it is all for you! Study God's Word, and claim the promises as your very own; the deeper and deeper you get into this study of the Bible, the more you will find of "the riches of His glory" which it contains, and you will never again say it is not for you.

H. A. H.

HAD WE BETTER SPEAK OF IT?

BY S. M. PALMER.

The Master said, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." What is the first and most natural thing we do when some good fortune has come to us—some good news—when something delightful has occurred? What, indeed, but go home and tell our friends, thus doubling our joy by telling it, and leading our friends, if possible, into the same good fortune. Somehow there seems to be a sort of squeamishness,

and shame, and reticence about telling all about our religious attainments, and good fortune, and experience. We are very well able to distinguish true relation of discovery or attainment from false, at least sufficiently so for general purposes; and this is no more difficult in matters of spirituality.

We are accustomed to go home and tell our friends everything, as it were, and yet to be strangely silent on the most momentous of all themes. Happy that household where religion is not too sacred a theme to be freely and frequently discussed, and its varied phases of experience constantly compared, proved, and related. Alas, that so many families counsel and confer freely on all topics but the one of most importance, leaving this most considerable one to be contemplated and acted upon by each member independently and alone; when often a few words of advice or experience would do so marvelously helpful, if not absolutely saving!

Have you for the first time tasted the joy of forgiveness? Go at once to the most loved and trusted ones, and tell them in unmistakable language that the Son of God hath power on earth to forgive sins. Because there is need of witnesses in these skeptical times; and there are those to whom your testimony will weigh more than any other's.

But you have been led a step further than this; there is, if possible, more need of plenty of witnesses here than in the former case. O tell to your friends at least, all that you know about the "higher life."

"Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee."

WHY THOSE BOYS DID NOT RUN AWAY.

Matt had made up his mind to run away.

It was the third afternoon that he had been kept in after school that week, and there was to be a match game of baseball between his club, the Excelsiors, and the Plumtown club, and he did want to have his side beat. Who would take his place as first base, he wondered; and the centre-fielder also would be away.

There sat the miserable centre-fielder at the other end of the bench, his book before him, and a fearful frown upon his brow.

Matt returned to his definitions, and wrote fervently:

"Baker—One who bakes.
Artist—One who paints.
Sprinter—One who spins."

"Don't care," muttered Matt. "I won't look a word out. Fingers just stiff, writing so long; and sides, it's so mean to keep a fellow in and make him lose a match game!"

Thump! came something upon the book. A piece of paper wound up tightly, evidently thrown by the centre-fielder. Matt unrolled it promptly, and read:

DEAR MATT: I think it's awful mean; and besides, this morning I had to get up and kill potatoes. Let's run away.

Oblivious of stiff fingers, Matt grasped his pen, and wrote with characteristic brevity:

DEAR BOB: As soon as we get out, Y. M. C.

"Time's up," said the master, with a look at his watch, in his compassion making the delinquents a present of five minutes.

Bob and Matt found a delegation of boys in the yard, waiting for them.

"The Plumtown fellows have just got here," said Marcus Clark. "Hurry up, and you'll be in time for the next inning."

The first base and the centre-fielder looked at each other.

"Let's have the game first," signaled play-loving Matt; and Bob nodded a prompt assent.

Now Matt was the only son of his mother, and she a widow. The neighbors said the good woman had but a single fault, and that was a foolish indulgence of her son Matt; and yet they never suspected how far she went in pampering that boy—how she ran upstairs and down stairs at his beck and call, and brushed his clothes and blacked his boots; how she got up and gave him the most comfortable chair when he came into the room; how she allowed him to rule over the man-servant and the maid-servant, and even the stranger within her gates. It was a wonder that Matt was not a disagreeable despot, instead of a jolly play-loving, good-tempered urchin, with but now and then occasional moods of imperiousness and self-will.

It was only upon one point that Matt could not have his own way. That he should go regularly to school, his mother insisted with unflinching firmness. Matt's tears in this case had no effect. Even shutting himself in his room and refusing his meals was in vain, although it worked well in other cases. Every morning saw Matt, with good lessons or bad, on his way to school. He felt himself abused, and fully justified in running away from such systematic cruelty. His forehead ached with study, and his fingers were lame with holding the pen.

As for Bob, his life was made up of unpleasantnesses: of chopping wood, of weeding, and hoeing, and study. All was a sombre, dark monotony of duties, and no base-ball to speak of except into the desolation of his days. His back ached with work, and his legs were ready to drop—at least, that was Bob's story; and he was determined to live no longer on the farm. Once in the city, he could eat some big mercantile house, like the smart boys he was so fond of reading about, and soon become a junior partner.

When the boys reached the base-ball ground, they found the Excelsiors in a fair way to defeat. They had but one inning, and already the Plumtown boys scored six to their nothing.

Matt slipped into the game with the determination to win the victory or perish in the fray. Oh, how that boy worked! You would never have suspected that his head was aching and his fingers lame. To watch his stout young legs scud from base to base, who would have supposed that they had been too

weary to bear him to farmer Brown's that morning for the milk?

It was the last inning, and the score of both clubs was the same. Matt stood, bat in hand, watching for the ball. His eyes were bright with determination, and he was sure he would not miss it. Already it was hurled toward the air; and seeing it come toward him he swung his bat—and then a faintness came over him, and the crowd around the fence seemed multiplied to thousands. The ball had struck him right above the brilliant blue eyes, leaving a huge white swelling in its place. Poor, loud mother! It was a mercy that she was not among the crowd that saw the boyish figure drop to the ground.

Both clubs flew at once to his side. "Bob, help me raise him," said Marcus, leaning over Matt's prostrate form. "How could I have let that ball slip! It's so hard it may have killed him, for all I know!"

Some of the spectators had now made their way to the frightened ground. "It's the widow Dunn's lad," said one. "He has fainted, boys—fetch some water, I wonder these base-ball players have a whole head among 'em!" A hatful of water brought poor Matt back to consciousness. It takes a great deal of base-ball to kill a boy, and many a broken finger will the widow Dunn yet bind up for her son. But Matt felt very limp and lame just then.

"Bob," he whispered, as he sat up and looked at his friend, "I guess we can't run away to-day. I want to go home. What's it about, Bobby—I've clean forgotten why we were going."

"Why, it was because we have to work so hard," replied that injured youth, feeling rather foolish, yet with a comical twist of his upper lip; "at least, that was why I was going. I got mad 'cause I had to kill potato-bugs this morning. I don't know why you were going, but I believe it was 'cause I and I guess he is right." "Your mother won't let you off."

Matt put a hand to his throbbing temples. "I tell you what, my head aches a lot more now than I ever made it ache studying. It seems sort of foolish to run away for that. I believe I won't go."

"No more shall I, then," said Bob, emphatically. "Father says that I should think I was killed if he made me work half as hard as I do over base-ball; and I guess he is right."

The boys had been walking towards home, and they now reached the fork in the road where their ways separated. "Good-night, old fellow," said Matt, limping cheerfully, on towards the farm, where, among his other homely comforts, were something ointments and tender care.—A. G. LYMPTON, in *Wide Awake*.

BITS OF THINGS.

SOME LITTLE THINGS.
The little spring
Is a tiny thing,
But its flowing waves give life to the willing
earth;

The grass grows greener along its way,
The flowers are brighter, and bles the day
That gave the sweet spring its birth.

The seed is small
That the child lets fall,
Yet the mother earth holds it to her bosom
dear;

The sunbeam glimmers above its bed,
And the dewy morning lifts its head—
The future oak-tree is here.

One little word,
In kindness heard,
Has a power far more than ever the spring
can bear;

It lifts the sorrow that weighs the heart,
It takes from the bitter thought the smart,
And gladdens the home of care.

One act of love
May an angel prove,
And smother the flame that malice would
kindle again;

It takes the venom from anger's dart,
And brings together those long apart—
To see, in the lesson plain.

—GILBERT NASH, in *Youth's Companion*.

Miscellany.

EVERY YEAR.
The purer life draws nearer,
The more we grow every year;
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year;
And earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the dawn brightens lighter;
And the dawn immortal brighter
Every year.

THEN.
Then the summer mornings were full
of singing-birds, always waiting outside
our windows to help us begin the day with
happiness. Then flowers were born as
if to accompany the birds in their be-
nevolent mission. Then all our dreams
were pleasant imaginings, Arabian
Nights' Entertainments, frolic visions
of untroubled joy. Then June was the
longest and loveliest month in the cal-
endar. Then we were never depressed
by bad weather. Then headache had
no lodgment nearer than our neighbor's
brain. Then personal rheumatism was
unknown to us. Then insomnia had
been invented, and we were not obliged
to draw upon the apothecary for vials
of sleep. Then we could walk twenty
miles a day without fatigue. Then all
was gold that glistened. Then we were
young!—JAMES T. FIELDS, in *Harper's
Magazine* for August.

MUCH SPEAKING.
I have sometimes been afraid that
there was coming into our talk a sort
of religious irreverence, a reckless free-
dom of pious speech which mingled faith
and frivolity, alluded to the Lord in
much the same tone that might be
used in speaking of the President or
any man in authority, and which by its
unintentional and thoughtless lack of
veneration lowered the tone of piety.

And as the bloom is easily brushed from
the cluster, the freshness easily rubbed
from the peach, it has sometimes seemed
to me that it is not well to talk too
much or too fluently of the love which
is dearest of all to our immortal souls. No
delicate-minded man or woman parades
an earthly love in the effluence of
speech. Of the closest and most hal-
lowed earthly friendships we do not
care to talk to every one. They are
sheltered behind our reticence. Just
where and how to draw the line between
the silence that is cowardly and the
speech that is winsome and earnest is
the problem that we all have to solve.
We must beware of wounding our Mas-
ter by unwise talking, as well as by too
guarded reserve. The religion that is
tares in mere talk is not worth
much. To do justly, to love mercy,
and to walk humbly with God are bet-
ter than many sacrifices, or praises
loudly chanted in public places. Living
in a Christlike way is better than talk-
ing about it.—*Chris. Intel.*

A BIRTHDAY.

Every year is a pearl, dear,
Perfect and pure and fair,
That God lets grow within your life,
Trusting it to your care.

And death is the golden clasp, dear,
That fastens the pearls apart,
And it shines with a clearer lustre,
If the pearls are white through pain.

Some of the chains are short, dear,
And some are of many strands;
But every one returns at last
To the Master Workman's hands.

So watch your precious pearls, dear,
And keep them ever bright,
That with the crown jewels they may glow,
At last in the infinite light.

For Young and Old.

Bits of Fun.

.... Of course "time is money," or else
how could you "spend an evening?"

.... She cooed; he wooed; the old man
said they could if they would. No cars.

.... "Darling, this potato is only half done."
"Then eat the done half, love."

A boy who was kept after school for
bad orthography excused himself to his pa-
rents by saying that he was spell-bound.

.... If a man only saw himself occasion-
ally as others see him, he would cut his own
acquaintance on the spot.

.... An exchange publishes the successful
paper for a prize essay on woman. It is this:
"After man came woman, and she has been
after him ever since."

.... "That's what I call a finished sermon,"
said a lady to her husband, as they wended
their way from church. "Yes," was the re-
ply; "but, do you know, I thought it never
would be."

.... "What's that man yelling at?" asked
a farmer of his boy. "Why," chuckled the
boy, "he's yelling at the top of his voice."

.... "If Jones undertakes to pull my ears,"
said a loud-spoken young man, "he'll just
have his hands full. I know who he'll be
looking at his ears and smiling."

.... Before marriage a girl frequently calls
her intended "her treasure," but when he be-
comes her husband she looks upon him as her
"treasurer."

.... "Business Man," you vagabond! You
send in word that you would see me on busi-
ness, and when I ask what your business is,
you beg! Vagabond! But you forget,
sir; begging is my business."

.... A prisoner who has been convicted at
least a dozen times is placed at the bar.
"Your honor, I should like to have my case
postponed for a week. My lawyer is ill."
"But you were captured with your hand in
this gentleman's pocket. What can your
counsel say in your defense?" "Precisely so,
your honor. That is what I am curious to
know."

.... I remember, said a public speaker, taking
a little boy to the dome of the State House,
hoping to please him with the superb pros-
pect of earth and sea and sky and of half-a-
dozen cities. But far below him in the street
his eye was taken by a sight that eclipsed all
the rest, and he shouted in childish delight,
"Oh, see that pig!"

.... "Mother, what is an angel?"
"An angel? Well, an angel is a
being that flies." "But, mother, why
does papa always call my governess an an-
gel?" "Well," exclaimed the mother, after
moment's pause, "she's going to fly immedi-
ately."

.... A clergyman lost his hat one evening,
and was obliged to go home with a shaver's
one, which was left in the place of it. Next
day the hat was returned, and the penit-
ent proprietor, who said, "I'll never take a mis-
tress's hat again. You can't think what queer
things I've had to endure through my head
ever since I put that hat on."

Gems of Thought.

Do not thy duties out to God,
But let thy hand be busy with the
Look long on Jesus—His dear blood—
How was it dealt to thee?

.... Preserve your conscience always soft
and sensitive. If but one sin force its way
into that tender part of the soul and dwell
there, the road is paved for a thousand
iniquities.—*Watts*.

.... Man too easily cheats himself with talk-
ing repentance for reformation, resolutions
for actions, blossoms for fruits, as on the
 naked twig of the fig tree sprout forth
which are only the fleshy rinds of the blossom.
—*Richter*.

Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth, to flesh, and sense unknown,
That life is ever Lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own.

.... No man who is worth his salt, can
leave a place where he has gone through hard
and searching discipline, and been tried in the
very depths of his heart, without regret, how-
ever much he may have winced under the dis-
cipline. It is no light thing to fold up and
lay by forever a portion of one's life, even
if it can be laid by with honor, and in thank-
fulness.—*Thomas Hughes*.

.... Morality, taken as apart from religion,
is but another name for decency in life. It is
just that negative species of virtue which con-
sists in not doing what is scandalously de-
graded and wicked. But there is no heart of
holiness in it, no more than there is in the
grosser sins.—*Dr. Bushnell*.

A PRAYER.
Lord! who art merciful as well as just,
Incline thine ear to me, a child of dust;
Not what I would, O Lord! I offer Thee,
Alas! but what I can.

Father Almighty,

